

## OUR RELATION TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

H. P. BRINKWORTH.

To escape our relation to the Sunday-school is an impossibility; to seek out our place and fill the same should be our highest aim. A noble duty, and indeed to shirk the same would show in us a selfish, unchristian and may we not add unfaithful and worldly spirit. We well know too many send their children to the Sunday-school when it should be, *come along* children. I am going with you. The difference between *sending* and going yourself is a vast one, and I hope all will see it in this light. The superintendent has a duty to perform and how it gladdens his heart to see the adult classes well represented. He feels his work is not in vain.

In our public schools the help of the parents is found in the support of the schools, and who can say but that their support is absolutely needed in the Sunday-school. The chorister wants somebody to help sing and in training the younger voices, he needs the bass voices and the soprano of the older ones. The young folk's classes should be well represented in the Sunday-school, and we would urge to a better attendance and study of the lesson. The idea of asking your teacher a few questions each Sunday morning is a good one and he or she will soon see it won't do to come to the class without a thorough preparation. Younger classes, *come along* now, and oh, how necessary boys, that you are in your class. Don't go bathing or fishing instead, but be regular. Your teacher expects each one present, and as her eye glances over the class, and misses either of you, she wonders whether you are sick, or where you are. *Feed my lambs* is from the *Great Teacher* himself, and surely he knew that they need care, and encouragement and careful watching to avoid the pit falls of Satan, and the evil influences surrounding us all. The juvenile classes are generally well filled—a good pattern for you, dear father or mother that stay at home. How bright they look; how proud to receive a singing book, and as they open on the wrong page—you watch their lips singing as well as the leader: Bright gems for his crown. The teacher of this class exercises a great deal of patience—and she needs it, but the reward. *Feed my lambs*. He who gave the command never fails to reward his workers together with him.

Then there are the drones. We would much rather not notice them, but as among the busy bees we find them, so every school may have a few. They are disinterested—and no amount of labor seems to do any good. We should try and convert them to deeds of usefulness,

that by exercise we may do them good. Perchance, a worker may be found, if properly attended to. The secretary is an adjunct of every school, and as they stand and read that report of your school dear reader, how do you think they like to chronicle a small school, half the officers a part of the teachers, no visitors, a very poor collection, etc., etc. Certainly they would rather not report such. Yet, are you or I to blame for such a report, and are we justifiable in causing such a report? Think on these things if you please, and fill your place in the Sunday-school. There are those who stay at home regularly. Now, your support is needed. First, by presence. Second, financially, to educate your children in the school—your relation cannot be severed though you persist in staying away, and we invite you to send up or rather bring up your special contribution, knowing as you do, it is needed as often as you can. Forget not your privileges at these times and let them not be few and far between.

We dare not overlook the janitor. As he rings first and second bells, he thinks of the boys and girls coming, and as he often sees those from the country, a mile or so greeting him real early Sunday morning, he wonders where the town children and older ones are, who come in just as the opening exercises are all over. He feels like ringing that old bell as if there was a fire at the church, to awaken those delinquent at opening service. And now, cannot we each and all learn to do our duty; to serve in our relation to the Sunday-school the place we are called to fill. Can we be a little more prompt and a little more diligent and a little more studious, and thereby gain the blessings that must accrue from sustaining our relation to the Sunday-school.

## LITTLE FOLKS IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

A little boy went into his father's harvest field to see the reapers. He tried to tie a sheaf of wheat together, but he couldn't manage it. A bright thought entered his curly head. "I know how to help," he said.

Off he ran, and got a tin pail and a nice yellow gourd, and pumped away until he had a bucket full to the brim of clear, cold water. He pumped two or three bucketfuls before the men had enough, and it was pretty hard work for such a little man.

But father said that night, with such a smile: "Mother, what do you think? John helped harvest my wheat to-day."

Cannot Jesus' little ones find some way to help in His harvest field? He will say: "Well done, little gleaner!"

## Home Circle.

## THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
That stirred our hearts in youth,  
The impulse of a wordless prayer,  
The dream of love and truth;  
The longing after something lost,  
The spirit's yearning cry,  
The striving after better hopes—  
These things shall never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid  
The brother in his need,  
The kindly word in grief's dark hour  
That proves a friend indeed;  
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,  
When Justice threatens nigh;  
The sorrowing of a contrite heart—  
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand  
Must find some work to do;  
Lose not a chance to waken love,  
Be firm, and just, and true;  
So shall a light that cannot fade  
Beam on thee from on high,  
And angels' voices say to thee,  
"These things can never die."

—Unidentified.

## JAPANESE PRESENT-GIVING.

It is declared that the Japanese are a present-giving nation. Those of us who revolt at Christmas excesses, would doubtless be in a chronic state of rebellion if obliged to bow before the rigid rules prescribed by Japanese etiquette. Presents are given at all seasons, and upon all occasions, apparently. A caller must bring some simple offering, or be guilty of a breach of courtesy. One who visits a sick person must be the bearer of something besides love and good wishes. If children visit the family, they must be presented with toys. Guests are expected to send gifts the day after an entertainment, as a sort of "return call," and, by the way, those who have been entertained at the house of a friend must salute their late host when they next meet, saying, "Thank you for your kindness received a few days since." If a friend dies, gifts must be sent to his house as offerings to the spirit of the deceased. The list would be a long one if all the occasions were specified upon which, according to Japanese etiquette, a present might properly be sent; and when we consider that for every present received, a gift must sooner or later be sent in return, present-giving in Japan assumes large and burdensome proportions.

When gifts are sent because death has invaded a household, the family of the deceased give a feast thirty or fifty days after the death, and send great quantities of a certain kind of cake to all friends who have sent offerings. There has, however, been a reaction against excessive funeral